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## KANSAS AGITATOR.

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### THE MASSES.

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### You Must Save Yourself.

Foreign and home capitalists are purchasing, at a fearful cost to the people, the burial place of our forefathers. They are swooping down with a relentless grasp upon all the industries of our people. Brother laborers, everywhere, and especially you who are the heads of families, and who hold in your hands the boon of suffrage; you who by divine inheritance should possess a home; you who should sit in your advancing years in the enjoyment of a happy and contented home fireside. If you are ever saved from the unjust, unholy laws that are so stealthily robbing you of all that makes life a blessing, you must save yourselves. Long enough you have been tramping behind the two old partisan shustring machines. Long enough you have been loyal to party. Be loyal to yourselves, to your wives, to your children, to your homes. Begin now. Think out what justice is, and then join hands and strike for freedom. Strike for just and impartial laws for all the people. Talk it in your homes, with your neighbors, in your various organizations, everywhere. Strike in your primary caucuses. Make up your own slates, place in nomination men the most positive and fearless from your number. Strike at the polls with your ballots. Elect your representatives to do the bidding of the people. You are in the majority. Your united votes can, if you will, repeal all the bad laws and replace them with just and equitable laws for the prosperity and happiness of all the people. Dare to be men, worthy the divine inheritance of your forefathers. Redeem the inheritance bequeathed unto you. The death knell of our Republic is surely sounding.

Dear old Republic! Cradle of our liberties! Nursery of our uprisen patriots and statesman; preserver of our homes and land mark of every nation on the face of the earth! Swell the anthem until it reaches the very gates of heaven, and brings back the glad refrain to sorrowing hearts and homes YE SHALL NOT DIE.—Anna D. Weaver in *Advance Thought*.

### The Lily Whites on the War Path.

The Lily Whites have organized a central committee of 31, with headquarters at Houston, and propose to put a distinct ticket in the field. They have issued their pronouncement, from which we make the following extracts:

"Our patience is exhausted and we cannot any longer endure the shame, disgrace and humiliation brought upon Republicanism in Texas by the audacity, arrogance, corruption and treachery of the negro leaders and their followers. They have taken forcible possession of our primaries and ruled our conventions with relentless tyranny. They have driven many of the best and most patriotic white Republicans out of the party ranks; they have demoralized and disorganized the Republican party in our state; they have laughed decency to scorn and branded patriotism with ignominy; they have bartered their citizenship away in open market and sold their votes to the highest bidder at every election. Republicanism in Texas has become a stigma upon American citizenship, a reproach and a curse to our country."

"The Republican state convention which met at San Antonio on Sept. 3, although containing many intelligent and patriotic white Republicans among its delegates, was composed for the most part of negroes, who, devoid of the intelligence and virtues which should characterize a free American citizen, came there solely at the dictates of their arrogant and corrupt chiefs, to vote at their leaders' behest, regardless of right and principle, and to help these leaders in their diabolical design of gaining personal benefit at the expense of the Republican party. The convention, therefore, although sailing under the name of Republicanism, was nothing but a ship manned by political pirates, bent upon an errand of evil mischief, and deserves the abhorrence and contempt of every true Republican."

What might seem strange to some is, that when the Republican party is breaking up and falling to pieces all over the western states, that the Lily Whites of Texas should assume the attitude they have toward the negro, whom they have heretofore held up to the world as the acme of fidelity to their party, but it only verifies the old aphorism: "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." For the information of the Republican press and stump speakers who howled so much about southern outrages we hope our western exchanges will copy this article and comment on it. If the negro has become arrogant he learned his lesson

from such men as Norton, Newcomb, Russell, Ogden, Cochrane, DeGress, Fannagan, and a hundred others we could mention, and it is strange that they did not discover the arrogance of the negro until he became sufficiently enlightened to see that he was being and began to demand some recognition at their hands.—Marlin (Texas) Signal.

### War Over.

The war is ended. Peace reigns supreme. We are, therefore, all one again. Let us accept the situation on all sides, and go forth to build anew the foundations of the republic upon those enduring elements of production, commercial interests, industrial pursuits and common weal, which promote general prosperity and effect all sections alike.—*National View, Washington, D. C.*

CAPT. C. A. POWER, who was advertised to speak at Garnett, Tuesday, appeared as per announcement, and addressed a large audience on the living issues of the day. An effort was made to keep the old soldiers from hearing the speech, but, we are glad say, there were many of the old boys who had the independence to go and listen. They exhibited the same independence in this that they did in fighting for their country. It is certainly a pleasure to know that there are so many of the old heroes who do not wear the dirty party collar. The speaker handled his subject (or subjects) in a masterly manner, and gave his hearers many new thoughts to ponder over. We wish that every citizen of Kansas could have heard the address. If all of those who have heard him, and will hear him before the campaign is over, will take the trouble to investigate the charges he brings against the present administration, they will be convinced of the truth of his charges, and the boasted "82,000" Republican majority in Kansas will melt away like snow under the warm rays from the sun. Capt. Power showed up John J. Ingalls in all the blackness and hideousness of his damnable rotten character—and he had the documents to prove every charge he made. Each time the speaker scored a point against Ingalls he was applauded to the echo. The people have tired of Ingalls, and they will elect men to the next legislature who will see to it that our fair state is no longer disgraced by him.

SEE our premiums for club-raisers, then go to work.

### Don't Leave the G. O. P.

[Tune, Going to the Shucking.]

Oh! what's the matter, farmers,  
Oh! what's the matter now?  
What's the use of all your growling  
And kicking up such a row?  
Just tell us what you're wanting,  
You shall have it right away  
If you will only keep out of politics,  
For it will never do, we say.

Chorus:

Don't leave the grand old party!  
Don't leave the grand old party!  
Don't leave the grand old party  
Now, we say, now, we say.  
But trust it just once more,  
But trust it just once more,  
But trust it just once more,  
Now we say, now we say.

Oh! what's the matter, farmers?  
Just tell us what to do.  
You shouldn't go into politics,  
We will have it done for you.  
We know that you are honest  
And a noble band,  
But do not go into politics,  
For you don't understand.

Chorus:

You know you're wanted on your farm,  
Your corn and beans to grow,  
And if you go into politics  
Who will be left to sow  
Your clover and your timothy,  
Your wheat and other grain?  
Now don't go into politics,  
For it really is a shame.

Chorus:

We will run the country for you  
As we've done heretofore,  
So don't go into politics  
But give us a chance once more.  
Don't break the g. o. p. up  
But vote 'er straight again,  
Your going into politics  
Really gives us pain.

Chorus:

We have given you protection,  
Now passed the silver bill;  
We'll give you anything you ask  
If you will only just keep still.  
Didn't we have a committee appointed  
To find out what's the matter?  
Now don't go into politics  
And the g. o. p. scatter.

Chorus:

We beg of you now, farmers,  
To stick to your farm and plow;  
We hate to see you swindled  
By going into politics now,  
For the Democrats are asking you  
To vote and let them in,  
And the way they'll cheat and rob you  
Will really be a sin.

Chorus:

The g. o. p. is now in power;  
Stick to it now, we pray,  
And vote their nominations  
On election day.

You know the Democrats are rogues;  
You know that we are true;  
And if you'll try us just once more  
We'll promise anything to you.

Chorus:

We gave you package houses,  
It's your own fault you did not drink;  
Now don't you see we are your friend  
If you will only stop to think?  
So don't go into politics,  
Now mind just what we say,  
But vote the grand old party ticket  
On election day.

BY WELDA FARMER.